



THE HYMNAL

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF
THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA



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SELECTED PAGES

1895a

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Jesus Christ our Lord

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

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10

8.

Shall come to thee, O Israel.

- 2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From hell's abyss Thy people save,
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar;
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.

The Hymnal



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The General Assembly of the
Presbyterian Church in
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of America



Selected Pages



Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-
School Work, No. 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

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PREFACE

THE preparation of a new Hymnal for the use of the churches was committed to The Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work by the General Assembly of 1889. There were difficulties in the way of the undertaking, and even the beginnings of the work had then to be put off. To the Assembly of 1893, for the first time, and again in 1894, the Board reported the progress made in it, and the methods by which it was advancing, and, finally, in this present year, laid before the Assembly the proof-sheets of the Hymnal, then substantially complete. After its examination of these, the Standing Committee on Publication and Sabbath-School Work reported the following resolution, which the Assembly unanimously adopted by a rising vote: —

“Resolved, That we heartily recommend the new Hymnal, now approaching completion, to our churches, and express the earnest hope for the general adoption of this collection as the book of praise throughout our Church; and that we record our grateful appreciation of the labors of the Committee in charge of its preparation.”

And now that the book is complete and approved, it must stand as the best exponent of the aims kept in view during its preparation, — to produce a manual of the Church's praise, a treasury of things new and old, chosen for actual service, expressive in some degree of the devotional feeling and also of the culture of God's people.

In the selection of hymns, those endeared to the Church by proved fitness have been given the first place; and the whole field of modern hymnody has been laboriously gleaned. The hymns are intended to cover every side of Church worship and work, and of Christian experience, and are so classified as to be most readily at hand to meet the occasion. Great pains have been taken with the state of the text. The Editor has in all cases sought to have before him the author's original text, and the authorized texts also of such amendments and revisions as seemed worthy of attention. As far as possible, the hymns are printed as their authors wrote them. When any changes have been adopted, the fact has invariably been noted beneath the hymn, partly in the interests of intelligent hymnology, partly also for honesty's sake, that no man's name be put to anything which he did not write. These foot-notes, with very few exceptions, are records of a personal inspection of the facts recorded, and furnish an interesting and, it is believed, trustworthy history of the hymn.

In the choice of tunes by the Committee, and in the revision of the harmonies by the Musical Editor, the guiding thought has been to adapt the book for use in congregational singing. Enough of music familiar

Preface

and simple is included to enable any of our congregations to make immediate use of the book. Beyond that is a great body of tunes, just as available when they shall be learned, and having the charm of freshness: some, no doubt, simpler and more readily caught; none, it is believed, beyond the reach of a congregation of moderate culture, with the aid of a choir. There are great differences among congregations in the matter of musical culture, and it is fitting that the needs of all should be thought of, and not left unprovided for. It may be best in some churches that certain of the more difficult tunes shall be introduced as anthems by the choir, the congregation following only at first, but in that way learning to sing them. Among the new tunes are more than fifty specially written for this book, and, both for excellence and usefulness, making a real addition to its resources.

Each of the hymns in this collection is set to its own tune, and very careful thought has been given to securing music not merely adapted to the rhythm of the hymn, but giving the proper musical expression to its sentiment and spiritual quality. To many of the hymns an alternate tune has been added, chosen with a view of bringing the hymn into use on occasions or under conditions when the first tune may not conveniently be used. Sometimes an alternate tune is designated by a cross-reference to its place in the book. And very often, when no alternate tunes are indicated in either way, the tunes are so grouped that at any given opening of the book there may be two or three tunes available for any one of the hymns. The method of printing the alternate tune to a hymn on that part of the opposite page nearest to the words themselves will, it is thought, commend itself to singers from its greater convenience in actual use. It is the usage of many of our churches to sing the Amen at the close of each hymn, and the proper chords have been provided for such purpose.

In making up the pages of the Hymnal, it is not merely the grace of beauty which has been sought. The openness and ampleness so grateful to the eye mean also that every hymn and tune has had given to it whatever space it properly called for, so that the notes and text may be distinct and clear, every syllable of the first verse, as far as may be, printed under its own proper note, and, best of all, that the number of verses in a hymn may be determined for their own sake, and not by mere mechanical considerations of space.

The names of the tunes, unless for good reason to the contrary, are those originally given them when first published, and the dates set to them are the dates of first publication. The date set to the hymn is the earliest date obtainable, ordinarily that of its composition, in some cases necessarily that of first publication. Where two dates are given, they indicate that of the original form of the hymn, and that of the author's revised text used in this book. The word "publ." indicates that the date of writing is unknown, and that the date of publication is posthumous. The letter *c*, (*circa*),

Preface

before a date is used where exact certainty is unobtainable. Where dates, either of hymns or tunes, are altogether wanting, the date of the author's or composer's birth and death are given in brackets, *e.g.* (1816-1893), or, where living, that of birth only, *e.g.* (1838-), or the date of death, when that alone is known, *e.g.* (-1850).

With such suggestions of purpose and method, there remains only the pleasant duty of giving thanks. The Editor would express his own to all who have answered his inquiries or otherwise lightened his labors, but especially to Mr. James Warrington, who has, in a way not less kindly than painstaking, given him the benefit of a special knowledge in the difficult matter of properly ascribing and dating the tunes in this collection.

Among the many composers who have set to music the hymns assigned them by the Committee, special acknowledgments are due for courtesies received at their hands to the Musical Editor, William W. Gilchrist, Mus. Doc., to George William Warren, Mus. Doc., Uzziah C. Burnap, the Rev. William P. Merrill, and the Rev. John Anketell, A. M. Thanks are given also to the following owners of copyright tunes who have freely granted the use of them: Mr. Frederick H. Cheeswright for No. 181, Mr. William G. Fischer for No. 707, the Rev. John S. B. Hodges, S. T. D., for No. 331, the Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, D. D., for No. 642, the Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., for No. 501, Mr. Lewis H. Redner for No. 178, Mr. Samuel A. Ward for No. 622, Mr. James Warrington for No. 330, Mr. Richard S. Willis for Nos. 155 and 174, the Rev. J. Ireland Tucker, D. D., and Mr. William W. Rousseau for Nos. 86, 354, and 667.

The Committee would also acknowledge the favor of the following owners of the copyright in freely granting permission to use copyrighted hymns: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. for the hymns of Dr. Holmes and of Mr. Whittier; Miss Longfellow for the hymns of the late Rev. Samuel Longfellow; Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co. and the family of the late Bishop Brooks for his Christmas Hymn; Mrs. Hervey D. Ganse for No. 85; the Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., for No. 501; and Judge F. W. Henshaw for No. 685. And thanks are given to the following authors for their cordial permission to use their hymns here included: the Rev. John Anketell, A. M., Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, D. D., LL. D., the Rev. William H. Furness, D. D., LL. D., the Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., the Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, D. D., Thomas MacKellar, Ph. D., the Rev. Daniel March, D. D., the Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, D. D., Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph. D., the Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, the Rev. Ernest W. Shurtleff, the Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D., the late Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, D. D., and the Rev. Aaron R. Wolfe.

And now the Committee would close its labors in the earnest hope that this book may add something, not less to the spirituality than to the heartiness of God's praise.

JULY 8, 1895.

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TIMES OF WORSHIP

Morning

I EVERY MORNING 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872

1 Ev - ery morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew ;

Ev - ery morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day :

For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure ; Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure. A - MEN.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove ;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast ;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail ;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within.
Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Morning

3 MEAR C. M.

Welsh Air: Aaron Williams's Coll., 1762

Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;

To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye: A - MEN.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1713

WARWICK C. M

Samuel Stanley, 1800

Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;

To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye: A - MEN.

Evening

16 HURSLEY L. M.

Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792. Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861

I Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes. A-MEN.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev John Keble, 1820

ABENDS L. M.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1873

I O Light of life, O Sav - iour dear, Before we sleep bow down Thine ear:

Through dark and day, o'er land and sea, We have no other hope but Thee. A - MEN.

Evening

I7 TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Alt. from Thomas Tallis, 1560

1 All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thy own al - mighty wings. A-MEN.

(See also QUEBEC, No. 284)

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> | <p>4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.</p> |
| <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.</p> | <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.</p> |
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire !

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693 (text of 1709)

I8 (ABENDS) L. M.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear :
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.</p> | <p>3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight !
What dawning risen upon the night !
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.</p> |
| <p>2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart :
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.</p> | <p>4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near ;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.</p> |
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

Francis T. Palgrave, 1865

Evening

22 VESPERS L. M.

James W. Elliott (1816 —)

1 A-gain, as even-ing's shad-ow falls. We gath-er in these hal-lowed walls;

And ves-per hymn and ves-per prayer Rise ming-ling on the ho-ly air. A - MEN.

(See also STAINCLIFFE, No. 201)

- 2 May struggling hearts that seek release Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Here find the rest of God's own peace; Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow; Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Within all shadows standest Thou; Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1859

23 EVENING PRAYER S. 7. S. 7.

George C. Stebbins, 1878

1 Sav-iour, breathe an even-ing bless-ing. Ere re- pose our spir-its seal;

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A - MEN.

Copyright by GEORGE C. STEBBINS

- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary, Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
Darkness cannot hide from Thee; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 3 Though destruction walk around us, May the morn in heaven awake us,
Though the arrow past us fly, Clad in light and deathless bloom.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

Evening

24 EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861

1 A - bidē with me · fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bidē: When oth - er help - ers

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bidē with me. A - MEN.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

The Lord's Day

36 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1873

1 My Lord, my Love, was cru - ci - fied, He all the pains did bear,

But in the sweet-ness of His rest He makes His serv-ants share. A - MEN.

2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie;
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

4 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

3 Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.

5 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.

6 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

Rev. John Mason, 1683

BELMONT C. M.

Arr from William Gardiner, 1812

1 My Lord, my Love, was cru - ci - fied, He all the pains did bear:

But in the sweet-ness of His rest He makes His serv-ants share. A - MEN.

The Lord's Day

42 ERNAN L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1850

1 An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun;

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day thy God hath blest. A - MEN.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns | 4 This heavenly calm within the breast |
| So sweet a rest to wearied minds, | Is the dear pledge of glorious rest |
| Provides an antepast of heaven, | Which for the Church of God remains, |
| And gives this day the food of seven. | The end of cares, the end of pains. |
-
- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, | 5 In holy duties let the day, |
| As grateful incense, to the skies; | In holy pleasures, pass away : |
| And draw from heaven that sweet repose | How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend, |
| Which none but he that feels it knows. | In hope of one that ne'er shall end. |

Rev. Joseph Stennett, publ. 1732: alt. Ash and Evans Coll 1769

GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1815

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing;

To show Thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night A - MEN.

At the Opening of Service

56 UNSER HERRSCHER 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. Joachim Neander, 1680

1 { O - pen now Thy gates of beau-ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there, }
 { Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer : }

O how bless-ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A - MEN.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
 Come Thou also down to me ;
 Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
 There a heaven on earth must be.
 To my heart O enter Thou,
 Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
 Here Thy seed is duly sown ;
 Let my soul, where it is planted,
 Bring forth precious sheaves alone ;
 So that all I hear may be
 Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
 Let Thy will be done indeed ;
 May I undisturbed draw near Thee
 While Thou dost Thy people feed.
 Here of life the fountain flows,
 Here is balm for all our woes.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, 1732. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

TRINITY 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1769

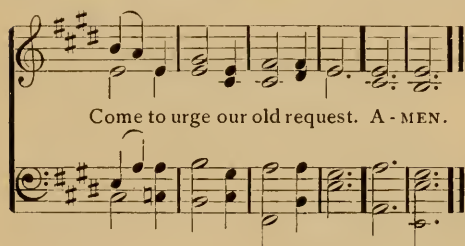
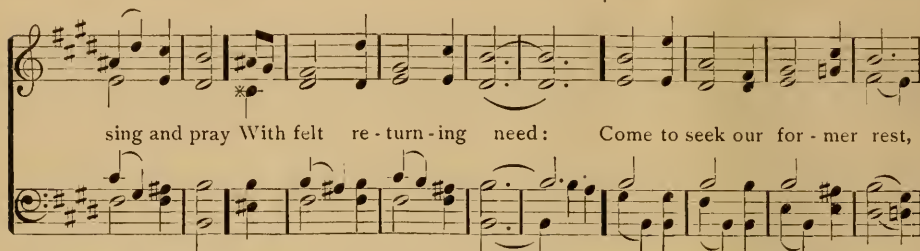
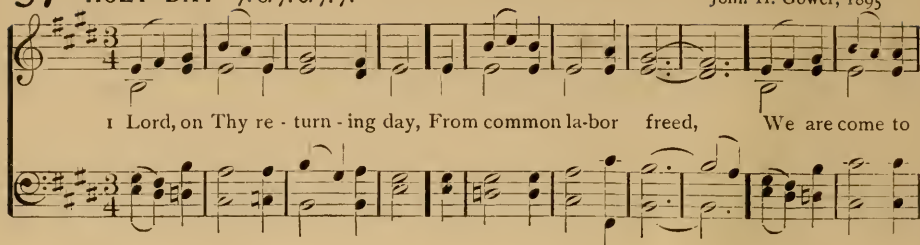
1 Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise : Fa-ther, all-

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days. A - MEN.

At the Opening of Service

57 HOLY DAY 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7.

John H. Gower, 1895



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- 2 Show us, Lord, the goal of life,
And give us heart to run;
Breathe the peace that follows strife,
Lest future work we shun:
Hearts that hasty time has grieved
Are by Sabbath calm relieved.

- 3 We would sing as in the rays
Of mercy ever bright,
Which endureth, to Thy praise,
For ever Thy delight:
Sing for happiness we know,
Or that we may happy grow.

- 4 We would pray as those who stand
Their truest Friend beside,
Whom He takes as by the hand,
Unto their God to guide;
By His power, and for His sake,
Fully us Thy children make.

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

58 (TRINITY) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
- 2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

- 4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

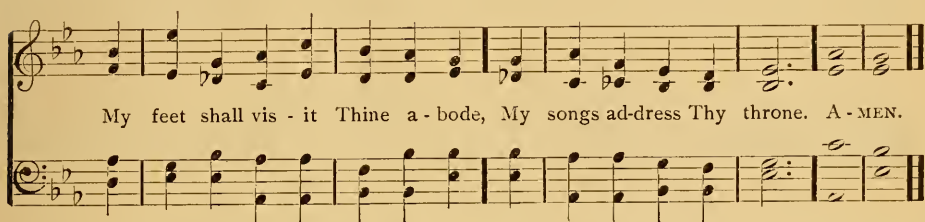
At the Opening of Service

68 ST. FRANCES C. M.

George A. Lohr, 1861



1 What shall I ren - der to my God For all His kind - ness shown?




My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress Thy throne. A - MEN.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Among the saints that fill Thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made. | 4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee. |
| 3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood! | 5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine;
Nor shall my purpose move:
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love. |
| 6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord. | |

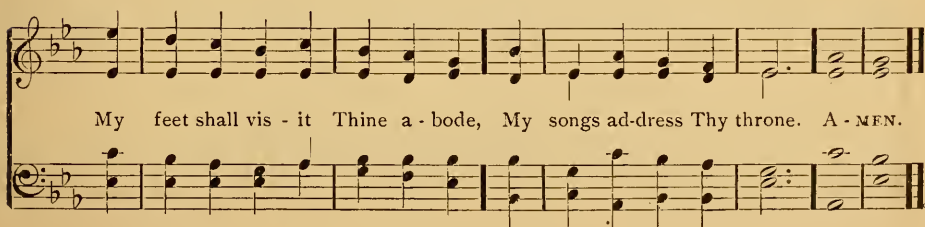
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

DOWNES C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832



1 What shall I ren - der to my God For all His kind - ness shown?



My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress Thy throne. A - MEN.

At the Close of Service

79 SICILIAN MARINERS 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Sicilian Melody

I { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
 { Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: }

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness. A - MEN.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
 Saviour, from the world away,
 Let no fear of death appal us,
 Glad Thy summons to obey:
 May we ever
 Reign with Thee in endless day.

Anon. 1773 (ascribed to Rev. John Fawcett):
 verse 1, l. 6, alt.; verse 3, recast by Rev. G. Thring

ETON 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1886

I Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love possessing,

Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness. A - MEN.

THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST

The Holy Trinity

80

NICÆA II. 12. 12. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

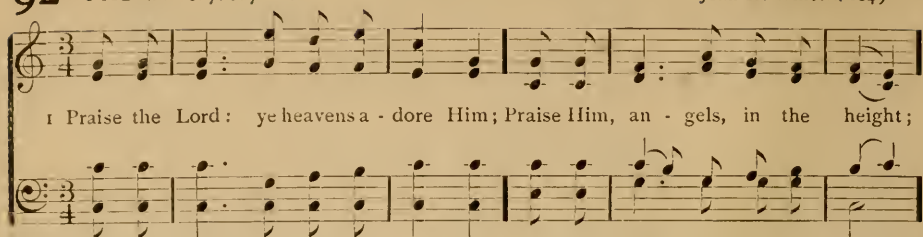
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

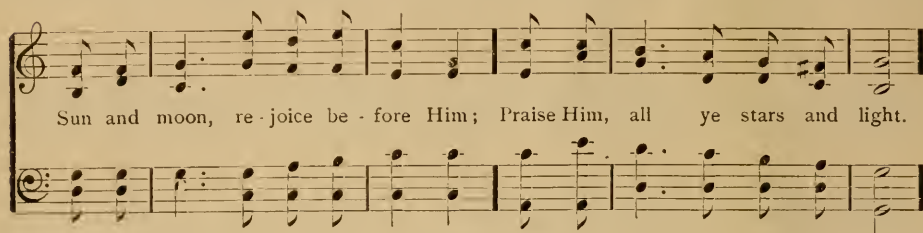
God the Father Almighty

92 FABEN S. 7. 8. 7. D.

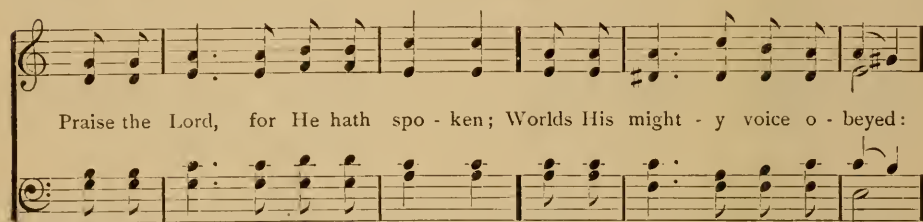
John H. Willcox, 1849



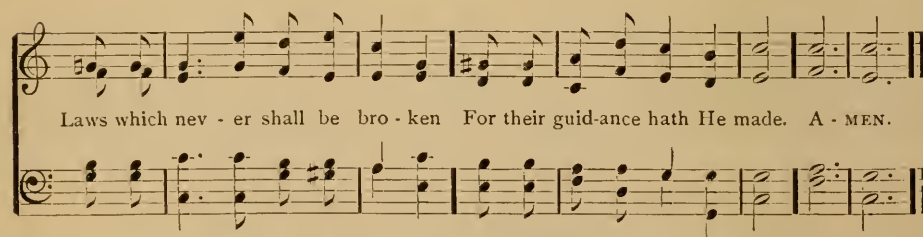
1 Praise the Lord: ye heavens a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;



Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and light.



Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed:



Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken For their guid - ance hath He made. A - MEN.

(See also ST. ASAPH, No. 246)

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail :
God hath made His saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail. | 3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee ;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee. |
| Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name. | All the saints in heaven adore Thee ;
We would bow before Thy throne :
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done. |

God the Father Almighty

100 OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551

1 All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice ;

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice. A - MEN.

- 2 The Lord ye know is God indeed ; Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
Without our aid He did us make ; For it is seemly so to do.
We are His folk, He doth us feed ;
And for His sheep He doth us take. 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
3 O enter then His gates with praise, His truth at all times firmly stood,
Approach with joy His courts unto ; And shall from age to age endure.

• Rev. William Kethe, 1561

101 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1839

1 King - doms and thrones to God be - long ; Crown Him, ye na - tions, in your song :

His wondrous names and powers rehearse ; His honors shall enrich your verse. A - MEN.

- 2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms ;
How terrible is God in arms !
In Israel are His mercies known ;
Israel is His peculiar throne. 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him
blest ;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest :
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the Strength of every saint.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

His Majesty and Greatness

IO2 MARKEN L. M.

Berthold Tours, 1872

1 From all that dwell be-low the skies Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise:

Let the Re-deem-er's Name be sung Through ev-ery land, by ev-ery tongue. AMEN.

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends Thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

IO3 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810

1 Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy ; Know that the Lord is

God a-lone, He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy, He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy. A - MEN.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again. | 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise. |
| 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name? | 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. |

Rev Isaac Watts, 1719 : verse 1, ll. 1, 2, alt. Rev. John Wesley

God the Father Almighty

113 HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11.

Supplement to the New Version, 1708

I O wor-ship the King all glo-rious a-bove, O grate-ful-ly

sing His power and His love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the

Ancient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A-MEN.

- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lip to Thy praise.

His Fatherhood and Love

II 4 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1762

1 O bless the Lord, my soul; Let all with - in me join,

And aid my tongue to bless His Name, Whose fa - vors are Di - vine. A-MEN.

(See also DAY OF PRAISE, No. 153)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.</p> <p>3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.</p> | <p>4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.</p> <p>5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His belovèd Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

HOUGHTON 10. 10. 11. 11.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1861

1 O wor-ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, O grate-ful-ly sing His power and His love;

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise. A-MEN.

God the Father Almighty

123 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1873

1 Thou, Lord, art Love; and ev - ery - where Thy Name is bright - ly shown,

Be-neath, on earth, Thy foot-stool fair, A - bove, in heaven. Thy throne. A - MEN.

2 Thy word is love; in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.

3 Thy ways are love; though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind, through darkness, to their end
In everlasting light.

4 Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is
The living voice they find:
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the eternal Mind.

5 Thy chastisements are love; more deep
They stamp the seal Divine.
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

6 Thy heaven is the abode of Love:
O blessed Lord, that we [move,
May there, when time's deep shades re-
Be gathered home to Thee:

7 There with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy throne;
Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

Rev. James D. Burns. 1853

MANOAH C. M.

Arr. from Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

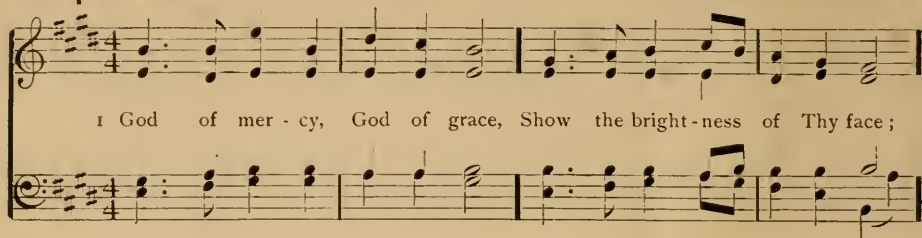
1 Be - gin, my tongue, some heavenly theme. And speak some bound-less thing,

The might - y works, or might - ier Name. Of our E - ter - nal King. A - MEN.

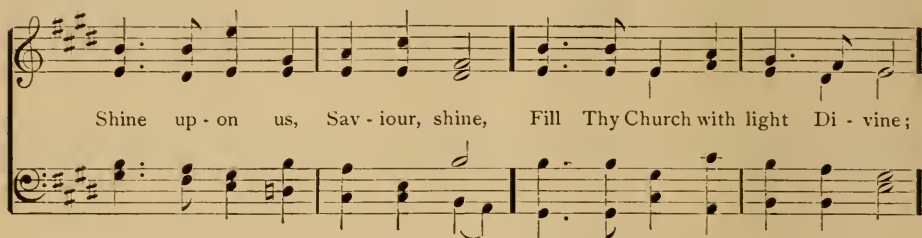
His fatherhood and Love

124 HALLETT 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

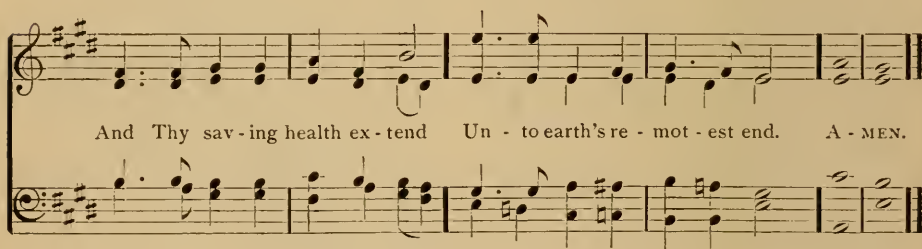
J. Hallett Sheppard



I God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright - ness of Thy face ;



Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine, Fill Thy Church with light Di - vine ;



And Thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end. A - MEN.

(See also DIX, No. 186)

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored :
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

125 (MANOAH) C. M.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly
theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier Name,
Of our Eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art Mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost Divine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

God the Father Almighty

135 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826

1 When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison, 1712

GENEVA C. M.

John Cole, 1800

1 When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
When all Thy mer - cies, O my God,

When all Thy mer - cies, O my God,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.

Transported with the view, I'm lost

Jesus Christ our Lord

139 ST. LEONARD (SMART) C. M.

Henry Smart, 1867

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> | <p>5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> |
| <p>3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> | <p>6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> |
| <p>4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> | <p>7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> |

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779-80:
Verse 6, recast, verse 7, added, Rev. John Rippon, 1787

CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden, 1793

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

Jesus Christ our Lord

I59 ARIEL S. S. 6. 8. S. 6.

Arr. from Mozart, by Lowell Mason, 1836

O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth

Which in my Sav - iour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heaven - ly strings,

And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In notes al - most Di - vine,

In notes al-most Di - vine. A - MEN.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne :
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath Divine :
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face ;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Praise to Christ Exalted

162 DIADEMATA S. M. D.

Sir George J. Elvey, 1868

I Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;

Hark, how the heaven - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love :
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace ;
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise :

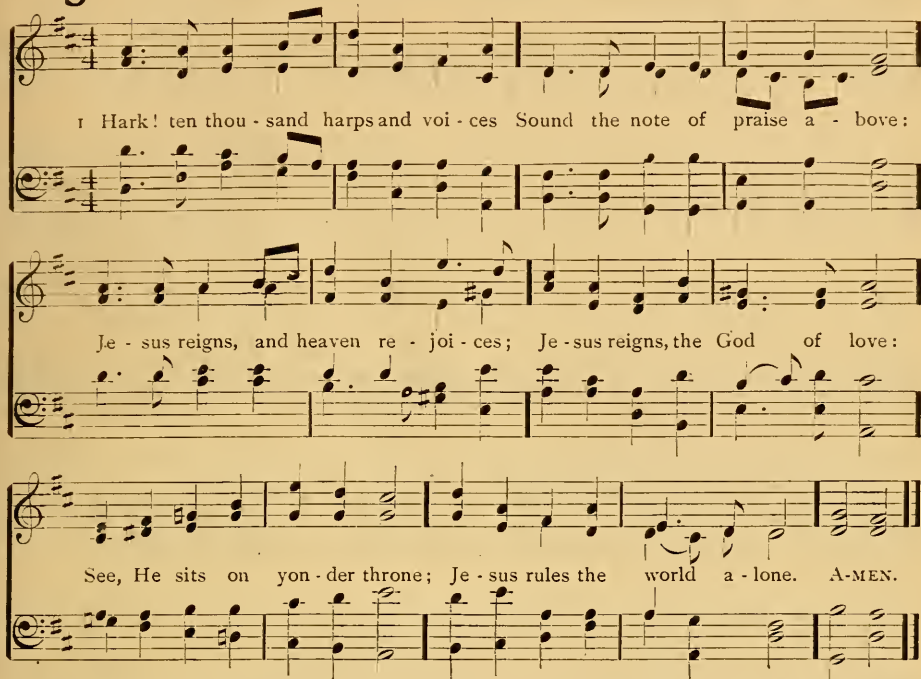
His reign shall know no end ;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time ;
Creator of the rolling spheres
Ineffably sublime :
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me :
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Jesus Christ our Lord

163 PRESCOTT 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1868



Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above:

Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:

See, He sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world alone. A-MEN.

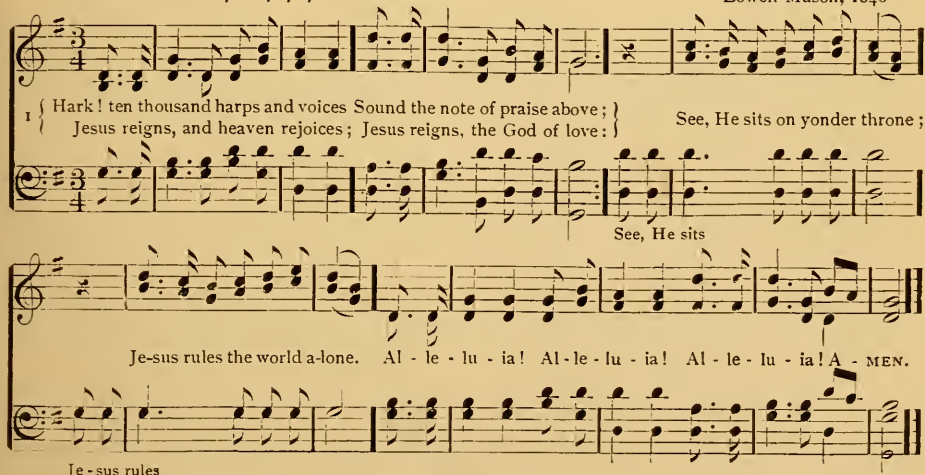
2 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
Happy objects of Thy grace, [own:
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806

HARWELL 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

Lowell Mason, 1840



1 { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; }
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love: }

See, He sits on yonder throne;

See, He sits

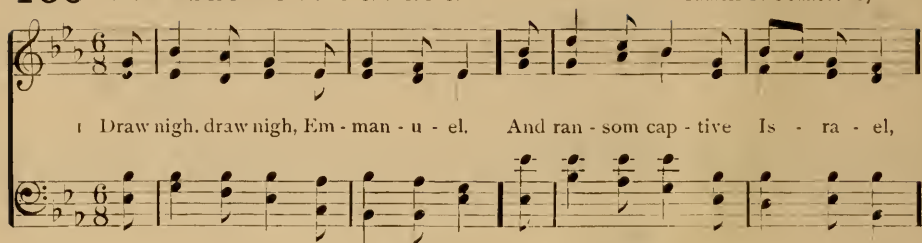
Je - sus rules the world alone. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

Je - sus rules

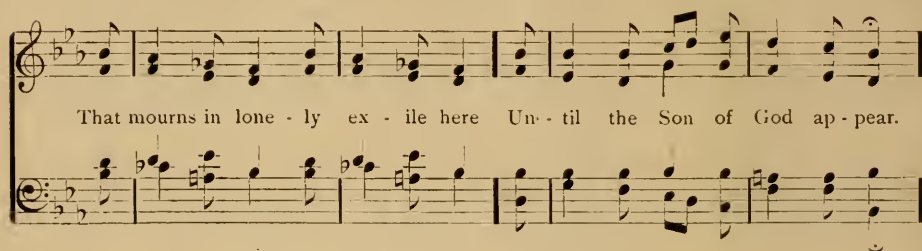
The Advent

I66 VENI EMMANUEL 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

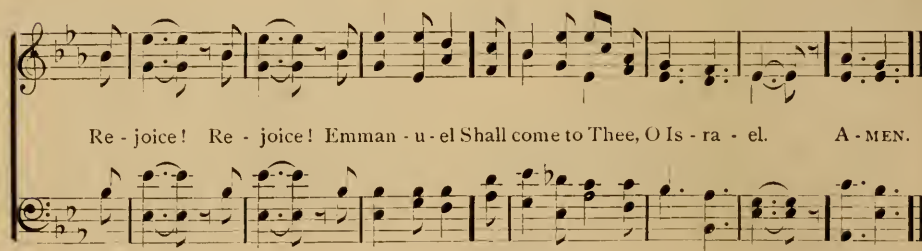
Charles F. Gounod, 1872



Draw nigh, draw nigh, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,



That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.



Re - joice! Re - joice! Emman - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el. A - MEN.

(See also HOPE, No. 490)

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From hell's abyss Thy people save.
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.</p> | <p>4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.</p> |
| <p>3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar;
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.</p> | <p>5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes from Sinai's height,
In ancient time, didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.</p> |

The Nativity

I71 ANTIOCH C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1742

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture sing, And
And heaven and na-ture

heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na-ture sing. A - MEN.
sing
And heaven and na-ture sing

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns: He comes to make His blessings flow
Let men their songs employ; Far as the curse is found.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
and plains And makes the nations prove
Repeat the sounding joy. The glories of His righteousness,
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, And wonders of His love.
Nor thorns infest the ground;

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

NATIVITY C. M.

Henry Lahee, 1853

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King:

Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture sing. A - MEN.

Jesus Christ our Lord

174 CAROL C. M. D.

Richard S. Willis, 1850

It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold :

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King:"

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow, —

Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1859

The Life, Ministry, and Example

I93 SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826-)

1 O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of ser - vice free ;

Tell me Thy se - cret ; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - MEN.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience ; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,

In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong ;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way ;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Rev. Washington Gladden, 1879

I94 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

1 My dear Re-deem - er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word ;

But in Thy life the law ap - pears Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters. A - MEN.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so Divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer ;

The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my Pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here :
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

Jesus Christ our Lord

222 ZEPHYR L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844

1 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:

'Tis mid-night; in the gar-den, now, The suffering Sav-iour prays a-lone. A-MEN.

- 2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears: Is not forsaken by His God.
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears. 4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1822

223 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824

1 When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-MEN.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Save in the death of Christ my God: Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
All the vain things that charm me most, 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
I sacrifice them to His blood. That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

Jesus Christ our Lord

225 OXFORD S. 7. S. 7.

Sir John Stainer (1840-)

1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - MEN.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me :
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
'Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

RATHBUN S. 7. S. 7.

Ithamar Conkey, 1851

1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - MEN.

The Passion and Crucifixion

226 VOX SALUTIS S. 7. S. 7. 4. 7.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1886

1 Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See, it rends the

Voices in unison

rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky: "It is fin - ished!"

In harmony

Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. AMEN.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

2 "It is finished!" — O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure.
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's Name:
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. Jonathan Evans, 1784

ZION S. 7. S. 7. 4. 7.

Thomas Hastings, 1835

1 { Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds aloud from Cal-va-ry; } "It is finished!"
{ See, it rends the rocks a-sunder, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky: }

Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. "It is finished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. A-MEN

The Second Coming and Judgment

255 LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836

I Re-joice, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights ap-pear;

The even-ing is ad-vanc-ing, And dark-er night is near:

The Bride-groom is a-ris-ing, And soon He draw-eth nigh:

Up, pray, and watch, and wres-tle: At mid-night comes the cry. A-MEN.

(See also GREENLAND, No. 304)

- 2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

- 3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever
When sorrow is no more:

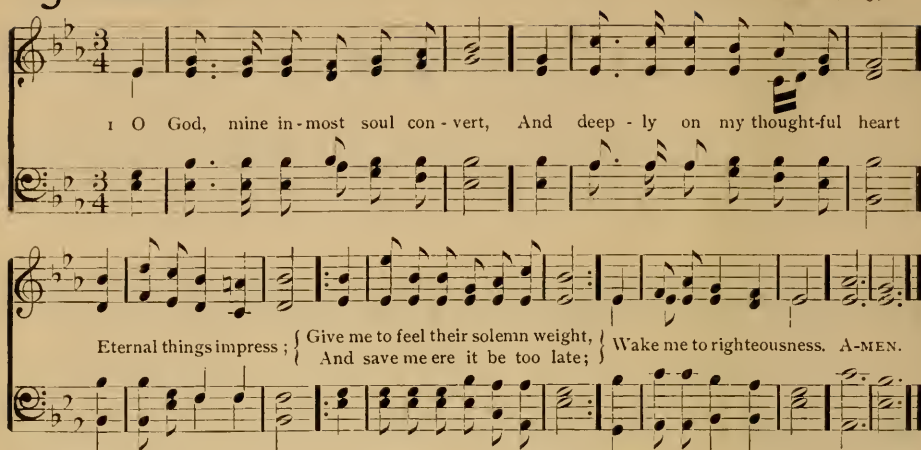
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold.

- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
That brings us unto Thee.

Jesus Christ our Lord

256 MERIBAH S. S. 6. S. S. 6.

Lowell Mason, 1839



1 O God, mine in-most soul con-vert, And deep-ly on my thought-ful heart

Eternal things impress; { Give me to feel their solemn weight, And save me ere it be too late; } Wake me to righteousness. A-MEN.

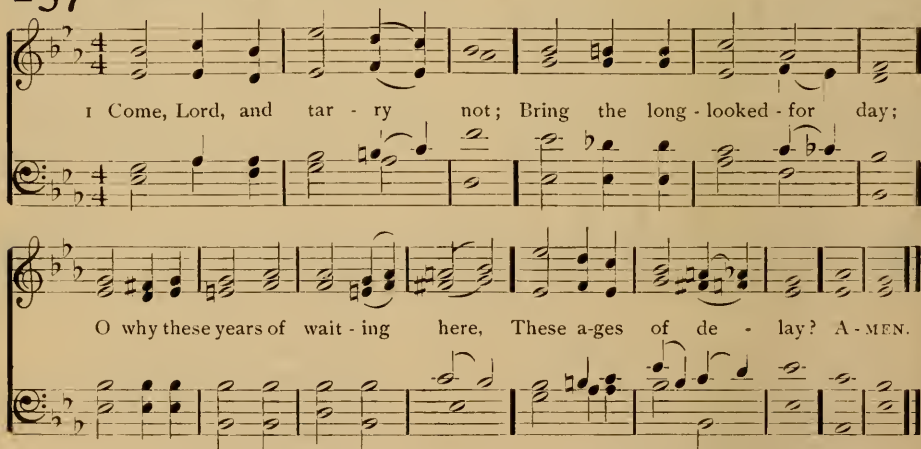
2 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from the vale, to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749: verse 1, ll. 5, 6, alt.

257 SIENNA S. M.

W. H. Deane



1 Come, Lord, and tar-ry not; Bring the long-looked-for day;

O why these years of wait-ing here, These a-ges of de-lay? A-MEN.

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come":
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

The Holy Ghost

276 ATKINSON 7. 7. 7. 5.

Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

I Gra - cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we cov - et most.

Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heaven-ly love. A-MEN.

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(See also CHARITY, No. 582)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove.
Without heavenly love.</p> <p>3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.</p> <p>4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.</p> | <p>5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.</p> <p>6 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.</p> <p>7 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly love.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

LUX VESPERA 7. 7. 7. 5.

Graham W. White, 1885

I Come to our poor na - ture's night With Thy bless - ed in - ward light,

Ho - ly Ghost the In - fi - nite, Com - fort - er Di - vine. A - MEN.

Invocation and Praise

277 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;

Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - MEN.

(See also ST. STEPHEN, No. 147)

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 4, l. 1, alt.

278 (LUX VESPERA) 7. 7. 7. 5.

- 1 COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light.
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.
- 2 We are sinful — cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.
- 3 Orphans are our souls, and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.
- 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

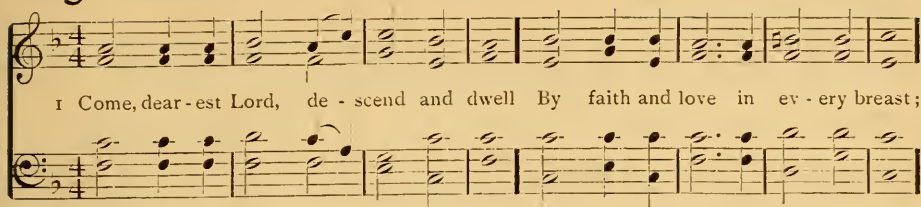
- 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.
- 6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.
- 7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high.
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.
- 8 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road.
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

George Rawson, 1853, 1876

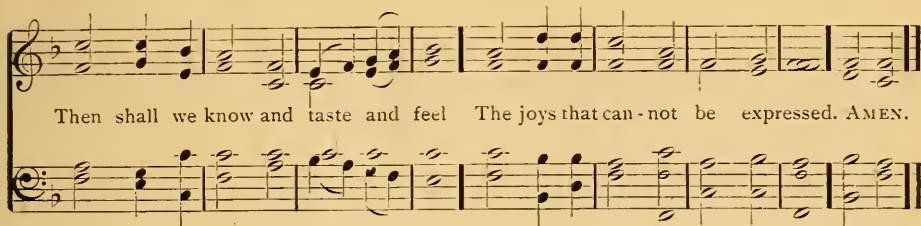
The Holy Ghost

285 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832



1 Come, dear-est Lord, de-scend and dwell By faith and love in ev-ery breast;



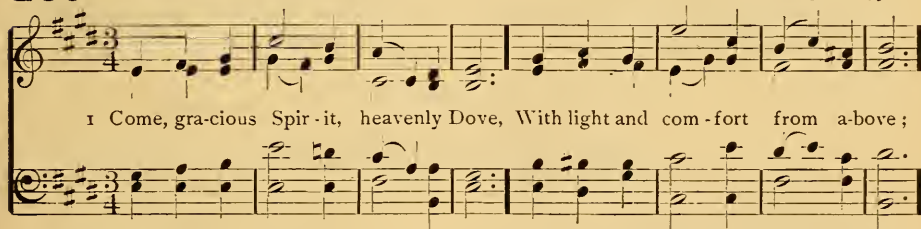
Then shall we know and taste and feel The joys that can-not be expressed. AMEN.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength; 3 Now to the God whose power can do
Make our enlarged souls possess More than our thoughts or wishes know,
And learn the height, and breadth, and Be everlasting honors done
length By all the Church, through Christ His
Of Thine unmeasurable grace. Son.

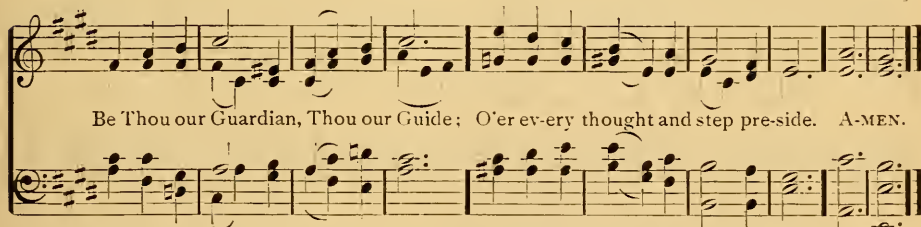
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

286 GUARDIAN L. M.

Irvin J. Morgan, 1895



1 Come, gra-cious Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove;



Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide; O'er ev-ery thought and step pre-side. A-MEN.

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- 2 The light of truth to us display, Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
And make us know and choose Thy way: Nor let us from His pastures stray.
Plant holy fear in every heart.
That we from God may ne'er depart. 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Rev. Simon Browne, 1720; alt. Ash and Evans Coll. 1769, and elsewhere

The Holy Ghost

288 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875

1 Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;

Stream from the fount of heaven-ly grace, Brook by the travel-ler's way; A-MEN.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son: —
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;

5 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.

6 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1836

ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837

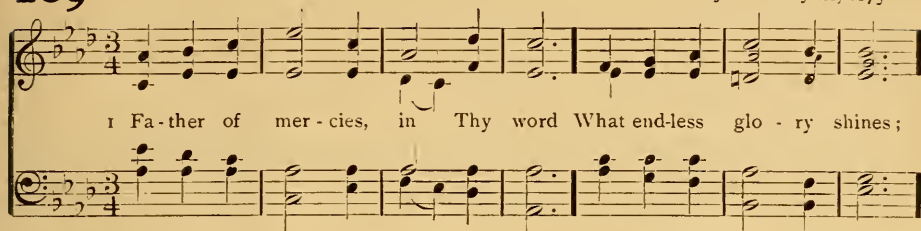
1 The Spir-it breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Pre-cepts and prom-i-

ses af-ford A sanc-ti-fy-ing light. A sanc-ti-fy-ing light. AMEN.

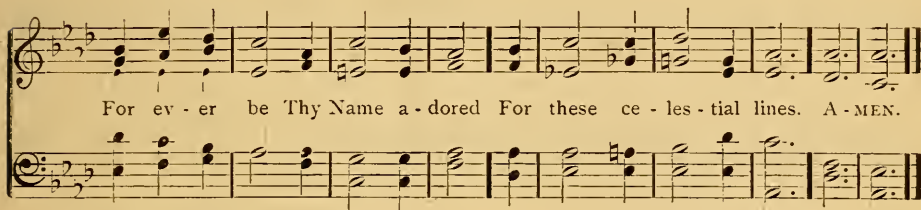
Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures

289 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



I Fa-ther of mer-cies, in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines;



For ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-less-tial lines. A-MEN.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760

290 (BEATITUDO) C. M.

1 HOW precious is the book Divine,
By inspiration given:
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;

Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

291 (ORTONVILLE) C. M.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:

His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779

The Holy Ghost

292 UXBRIDGE L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 The heavens declare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - ery star Thy wis - dom shines;

But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy Name in fair - er lines. A-MEN.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.</p> | <p>4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.</p> |
| <p>3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.</p> | <p>5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.</p> |
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun-sels known:

Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. A - MEN.

Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures

293 KIRBY BEDON 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Edward Bunnett, 1887

1 Christ in His word draws near; Hush, moan-ing voice of fear, He bids thee
 cease; With songs sin-cere and sweet Let us a - rise, and meet
 Him who comes forth to greet Our souls with peace. A-MEN.

2 Rising above thy care,
 Meet Him as in the air,
 O weary heart :
 Put on joy's sacred dress ;
 Lo, as He comes to bless,
 Quite from thy weariness
 Set free thou art.

3 For works of love and praise
 He brings thee summer days,
 Warm days and bright ;
 Winter is past and gone,

Now He, salvation's Sun,
 Shineth on every one
 With mercy's light.

4 From the bright sky above,
 Clad in His robes of love,
 'Tis He, our Lord !
 Dim earth itself grows clear,
 As His light draweth near :
 O let us hush and hear
 His holy word.

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

294 (ROCKINGHAM NEW) L. M.

1 GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
 Makes His eternal counsels known ;
 Where love in all its glory shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
 2 Here sinners of a humble frame
 May taste His grace, and learn His Name ;
 May read, in characters of blood,
 The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
 3 The prisoner here may break his chains ;
 The weary rest from all his pains ;

The captive feel his bondage cease ;
 The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
 A brighter world beyond the skies ;
 Here shines the light which guides our way
 From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
 To read and mark Thy holy word ;
 Its truths with meekness to receive,
 And by its holy precepts live.

Verses 1, 2, Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787, alt.; verses 3, 4, 5, Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1810

The Church

298 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Joseph Haydn, 1797

1 Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

He whose word can - not be brok - en Formed thee for His own a - bode:

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A - MEN.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near,

Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

The Church

300 NARENZA S. M.

Old German Chorale:
Arr. by Rev. Wm. H. Havergal, 1849

1 I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre-cious blood. A-MEN.

2 I love Thy Church, O God :
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King.
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield.
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800

SHIRLAND S. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1805

1 I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre-cious blood. AMEN.

The Church

304 AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1 The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord ; She is His new cre -

a - tion By wa - ter and the word : From heaven He came and sought her To

be His ho - ly Bride ; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. AMEN.

2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
 One holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppressed,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed,
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, " How long ? "
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won :
 O happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

Baptism

311 SILOAM C. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842

1 By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How sweet the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar - on's dew - y rose! A - MEN.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God. | 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage. |
| 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away: | 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike Divine; [crowned, |
| 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. | |

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812 (Text of 1827)

SABBATA C. M.

Crown of Jesus Music, 1865

1 By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How sweet the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar - on's dew - y rose! A - MEN.

The Church

315 PETERBOROUGH (Goss) L. M. D.

Sir John Goss, 1864

1 Arm these Thy sol - diers, might - y Lord. With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;

Forth to the bat - tle may they go, And bold - ly fight a - gainst the foe,

With ban - ner of the cross un-furled, And by it o - ver - come the world;

And so at last re - ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. A - MEN.

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy
home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be:
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, and Persons Three,
In whom, through whom, by whom we
live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862: verse 1, l. 1, alt

The Church

322 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

1 Shep-herd of souls, re-fresh and bless Thy chos-en pil-grim flock

With man-na in the wil-der-ness, With wa-ter from the rock. A-MEN.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart,
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

5 There sup with us in love Divine ;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine.
Be our immortal food.

Verses 1, 2, 3, Anon. : verses 4, 5, James Montgomery, 1825

HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1870

1 How con-de-scend-ing and how kind Was God's E-ter-nal Son!

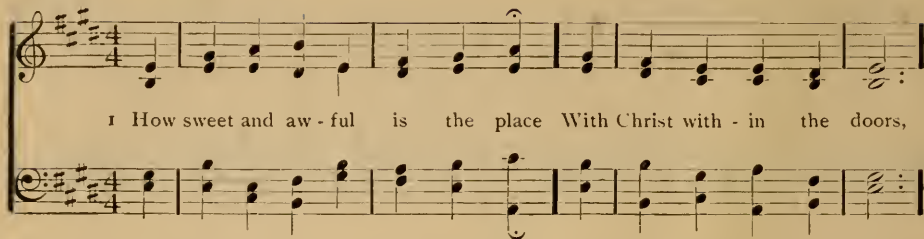
Our mis-ery reached His heavenly mind, And pit-y brought Him down. A-MEN.

(See also ALEXANDRIA, No. 336)

The Lord's Supper

323 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"</p> <p>3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"</p> | <p>4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.</p> <p>5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.</p> <p>6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

324 (HOLY CROSS) C. M.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.</p> <p>2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.</p> <p>3 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew</p> | <p>The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.</p> <p>4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.</p> <p>5 Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we His death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

The Lord's Supper

328 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872

I Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - MEN.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825

EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846

I Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - MEN.

The Church

335 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey, 1858

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King, Who hath washed us

in the tide Flowing from His piercèd side ; Praise we Him whose love Divine Gives His sacred

blood for wine, Gives His bod-y for the feast, Christ the Vic - tim, Christ the Priest. A-MEN.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood is shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.</p> | <p>3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Powers of hell beneath Thee lie ;
Death is conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light :
Paschal triumph, paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy ;
From the death of sin set free
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in Thee.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Anon. (Latin, 6th cent.) Tr. Robert Campbell, 1849 : verse 1, ll. 3, 6, 8, verse 2, l. 5, alt.

336 (SCHUMANN) S. M.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 A PARTING hymn we sing
Around Thy table, Lord ;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.</p> | <p>3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.</p> |
| <p>2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here ;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.</p> | <p>4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.</p> |

Rev. Aaron R. Wolfe, 1858

The Ministry

337 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824



I Lord of the har - vest, hear Thy need - y serv - ants' cry;

An - swer our faith's ef - fec - tual prayer, And all our wants sup - ply. A - MEN.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 On Thee we humbly wait ;
Our wants are in Thy view ;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few. | 4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace ;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
Saviour of human race. |
| 3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God. | 5 O let them spread Thy Name,
Their mission fully prove ;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love. |
| 6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven
That Thou hast died for all. | |

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742

SCHUMANN S. M.

Ascribed to Robert Schumann (1810-1856)



I A part - ing hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord;

A - gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord. A - MEN.

The Church

341 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Abr. from Genevan Psalter, 1543

1 How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill,

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal! A - MEN.

(See also THATCHER, No. 538)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here." | 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight. |
| 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found ! | 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy. |
| 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. | |

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

LABAN S. M

Lowell Mason, 1830

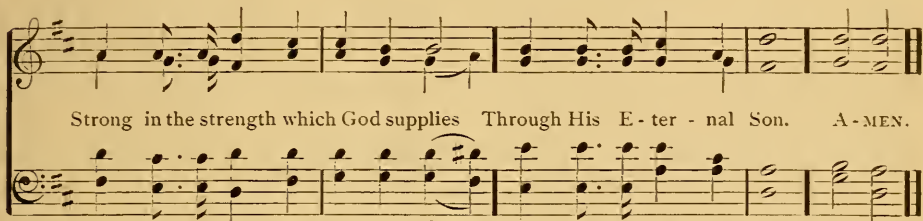
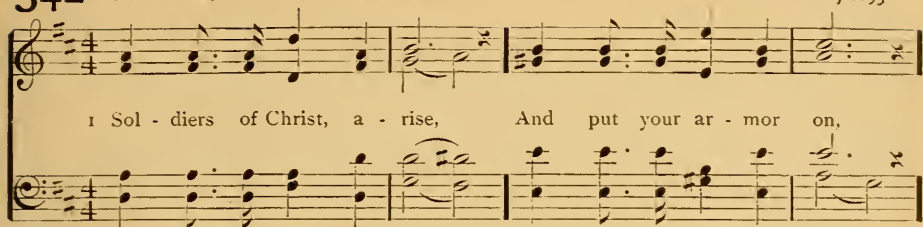
1 Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,

Ob - serv - ant of His heaven - ly word, And watch - ful at His gate. A - MEN.

Consecration and Service

342 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST S. M.

Rev. William P. Merrill, 1893



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2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

343 (LABAN) S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

The Church

347 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

I Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,

Till ev - ery foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - MEN.

(See also GREENLAND, No. 304)

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

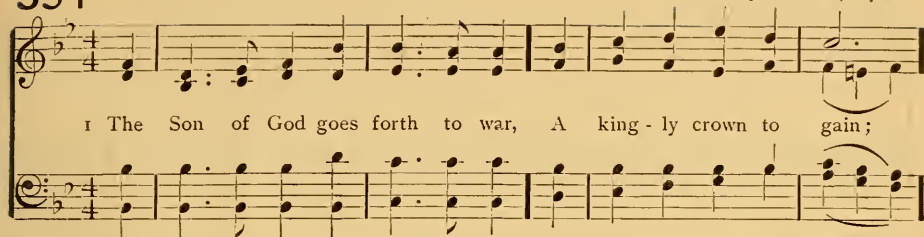
4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield, 1853

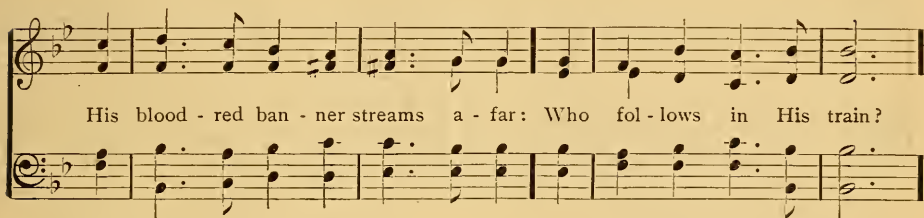
The Church

354 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

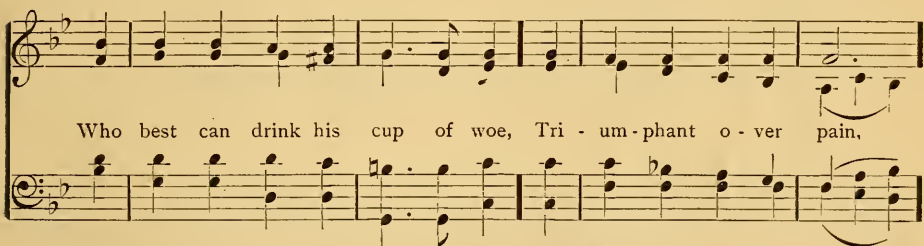
Henry S. Cutler, 1872



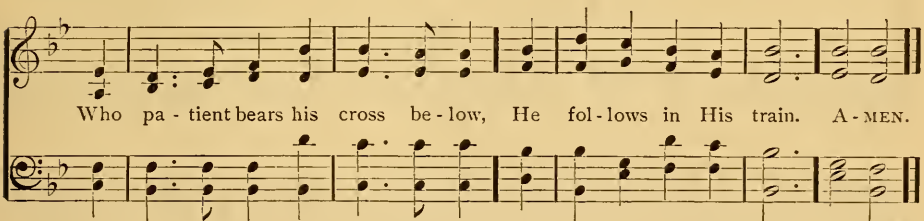
I The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - MEN.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save:
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame:

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to
 feel:

Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed:
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

Consecration and Service

355 ST. MARK C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett (1803-1876)

1 O still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - cient word,

"More reap - ers for white har - vest fields, More la - borers for the Lord." A - MEN.

- 2 We hear the call ; in dreams no more We, to their labors entering in,
 In selfish ease we lie, Would reap where they have strown.
 But, girded for our Father's work,
 Go forth beneath His sky.
- 4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
 To do Thy will we come ;
 Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
 And bear our harvest home.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
 And prayers of saints were sown,

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

WARRIOR C. M. D.

Rev. Archibald Macdonald, 1877

1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain ; His blood - red ban - ner

streams a - far : Who follows in His train ? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over

pain, Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - MEN.

The Church

358 ARMAGEDDON 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

Arr. by Sir John Goss, 1871

1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,

By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine. A - MEN.

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem:
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

Consecration and Service

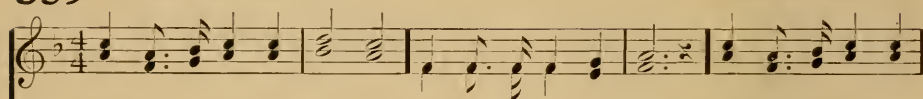
4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow :
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure ;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, called, and faithful.
 For our Captain's band :
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold ;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.

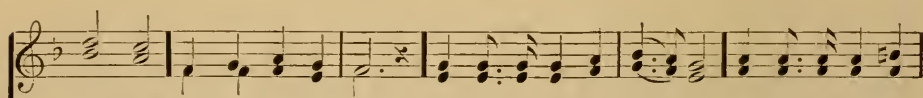
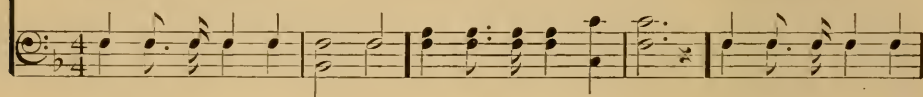
Frances R. Havergal, 1877

359 WORK SONG 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

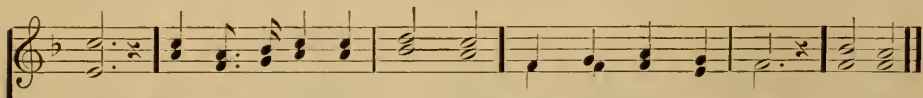
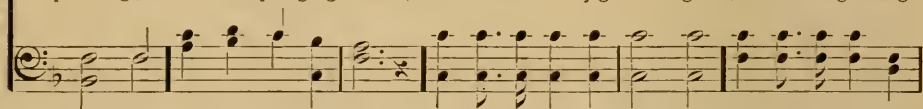
Lowell Mason, 1864



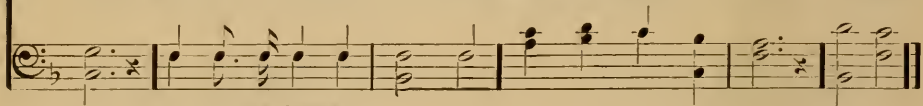
1 Work, for the night is com-ing : Work through the morning hours ; Work while the dew is



sparkling ; Work 'mid springing flowers ; Work while the day grows brighter, Under the glowing



sun ; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - MEN.



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2 Work, for the night is coming :
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon ;
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming :
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies ;
 Work till the last beam fadeth.
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, c. 1860 : alt.

The Church

360 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848

1 Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris - tians, on - ward go,

Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life. A - MEN.

(See also CONFIDENCE, No. 7)

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not: much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign. | 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song. |
| 3 Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power? | 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need. |
| 6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. | |

First 10 ll., Henry K. White, 1806; alt. Rev. Ed. Bickersteth, 1833, and
Rev. W. J. Hall, 1836; the remainder, Frances S. Colquhoun, 1827

MUNUS 7. 7. 7. 7.

J. Baptiste Calkin. 1872

1 Sol - diers who to Christ be - long, Trust ye in His word, be strong;

For His prom - is - es are sure. His re - wards for aye en - dure. A - MEN.

Consecration and Service

361 ELLESDIE S. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Mozart, by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March, 1868

362 (MUNUS) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 SOLDIERS who to Christ belong,
Trust ye in His word, be strong;
For His promises are sure,
His rewards for aye endure.

2 His no crowns that pass away,
His no palm that sees decay,
His the joy that shall not fade,
His the light that knows no shade;

3 His the home for spirits blest,
Where He gives them peaceful rest,
Far above the starry skies,
In the bliss of Paradise.

4 Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp:
Lift your hearts, then, to the skies;
God Himself shall be your prize.

5 Praise we now with saints at rest
Father, Son, and Spirit blest;
For His promises are sure,
His rewards shall aye endure.

Anon. Breviary of Châlons-sur-Marne, 1736. Tr. Rev. Isaac Williams, 1839;
recast in The Hymnary, 1872

The Church

366 FAITH C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1867

I Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me. A - MEN.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here ;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free ;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

5 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
O resurrection day !
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

Verse 1, Rev. Thomas Shepherd, 1693, alt. : verse 2, anon., c. 1810 :
verse 3, anon., 1849 : verses 4, 5, Rev. Charles Beecher, 1855

MAITLAND C. M.

George N. Allen, 1850

I Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me. A - MEN.

The Church

370 ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. 121.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871

1 Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore: Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

(See also THE NEW YEAR, No. 703)

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory:
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Consecration and Service

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song ;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

371 WINTERTON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1892

1 Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -

fil its vow, Some of - fer - ing bring Thee now, Something for Thee. A - MEN.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
Upward in faith I look,
Jesus, to Thee :
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see

Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won.
Something for Thee.

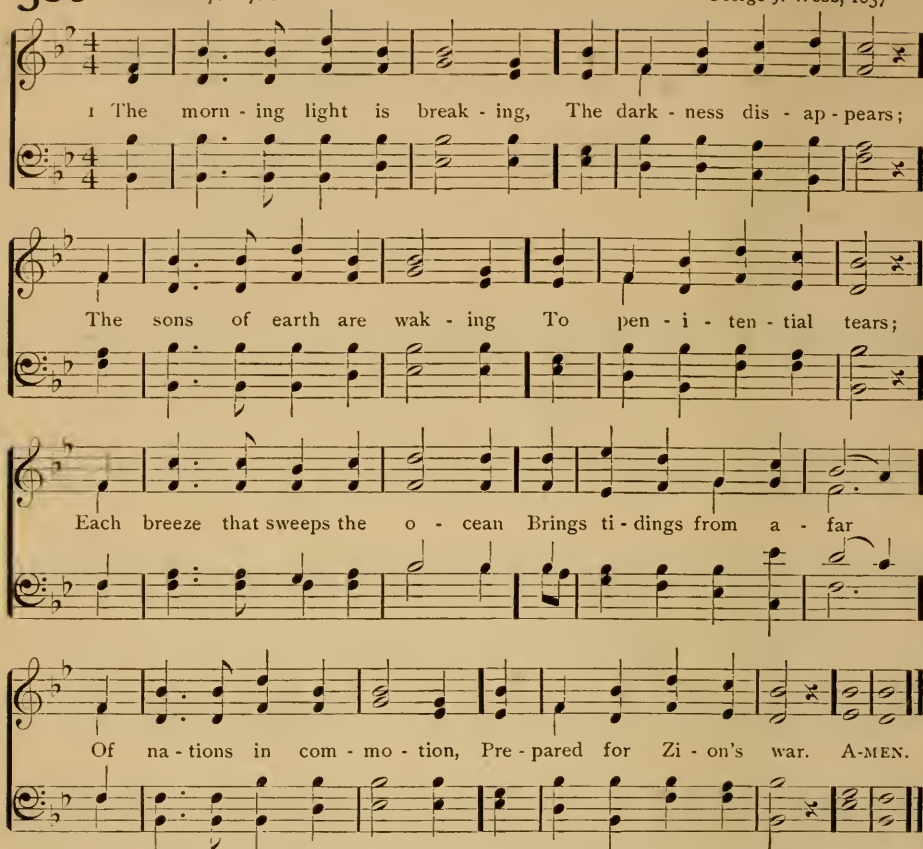
4 All that I am and have —
Thy gifts so free —
Ever in joy or grief,
My Lord, for Thee ;
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, 1862

Missions

386 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837



1 The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A-MEN.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832

387 (WEBB) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

The Church

388 MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1845

1 Look from the sphere of end-less day. O God of mer-cy and of might:

In pit-y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed, in this land of light. A - MEN.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen.
In crowded mart by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee ! | 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak.
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart.
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart. |
| 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold. | 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise. |

William C. Bryant, 1859

PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810

1 Jesus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive journeys run : His kingdom stretch from

shore to shore. Till moons shall wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - MEN.

Missions

389 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

I Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide ;

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav'-iour died. AMEN.

2 Fling out the banner ! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

4 Fling out the banner ! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

3 Fling out the banner ! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

5 Fling out the banner ! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross ;
Our only hope, the Crucified !

6 Fling out the banner ! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine :
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours ;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1843

390 (PARK STREET) L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made, 4
And praises throng to crown His head :
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice ;

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

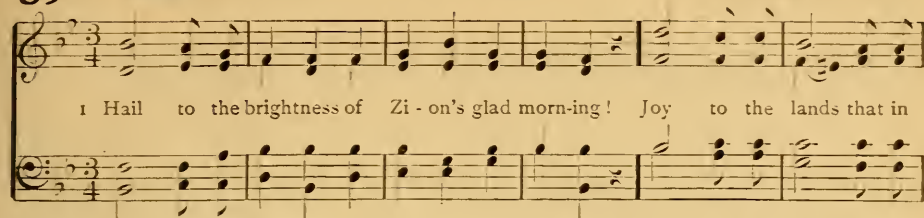
5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

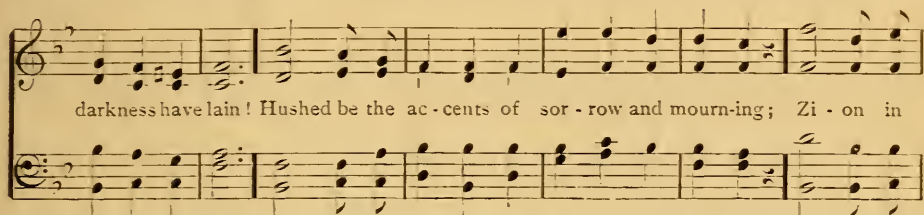
The Church

39I WESLEY II. IO. II. IO.

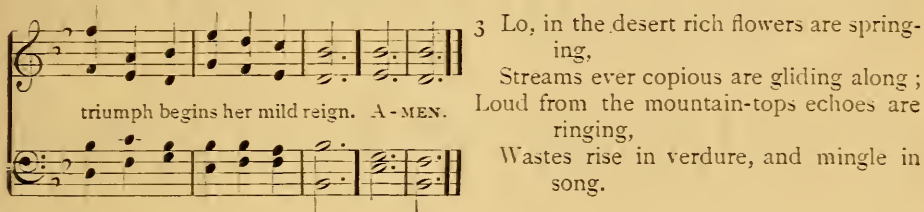
Lowell Mason, 1830



1 Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the lands that in



darkness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourn-ing; Zi-on in



3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are spring-ing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

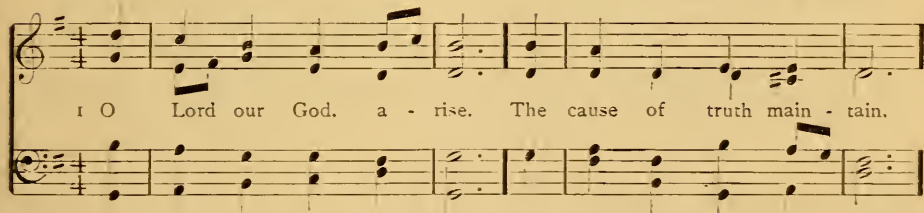
2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage re- turning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and com- motion.
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

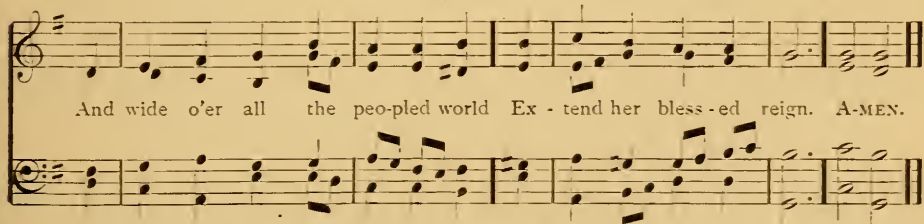
Thomas Hastings, 1831

ST. ETHELWALD S. M.

William H. Monk, 1861



1 O Lord our God, a - rise. The cause of truth main - tain.



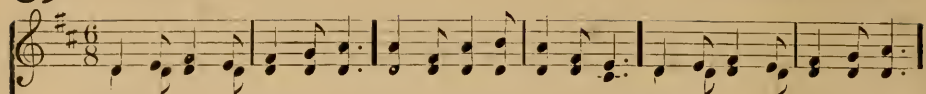
And wide o'er all the peo-pled world Ex - tend her bless-ed reign. A-MEN.

(See also SILVER STREET, No. 312)

Missions

392 WATCHMAN 7. 7. 7. 7. 1D.

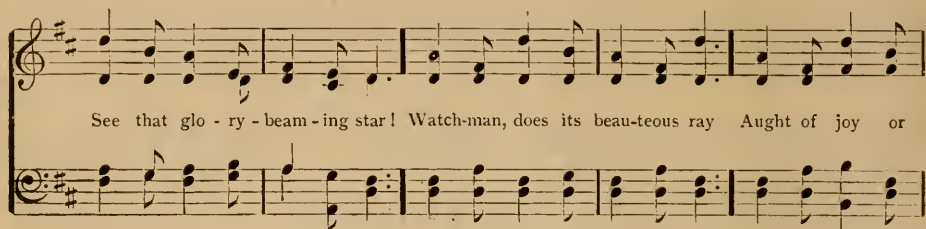
Lowell Mason, 1830



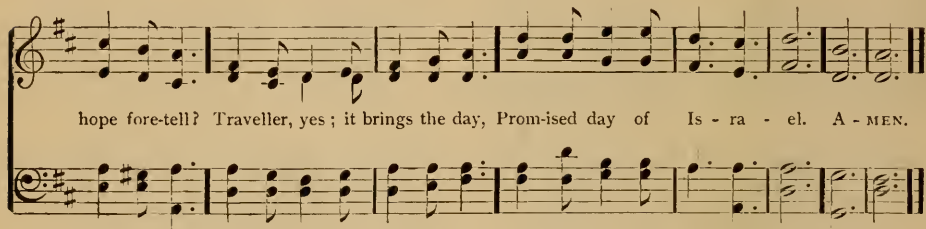
1 Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are: Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,



See that glo - ry - beam - ing star! Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or



hope fore-tell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. A - MEN.



(See also MAIDSTONE, No. 49)

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends :
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night.
For the morning seems to dawn :
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home :
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come !

Sir John Bowring, 1825

393 (ST. ETHELWALD) S. M.

1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease,
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

Anon. 1800: enlarged in Wardlaw's Selection, 1803

The Church

394 WILDERSMOUTH 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1879

O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Cheered by no ce-les-tial ray,
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a-ris-ing, Bring the bright, the glo-rious day;
Send the gos-pel To the earth's re-mot-est bounds. A-MEN.

(See also ZION, No. 226)

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

Rev. William Williams, 1772: verse 1, re-written; verse 2, l. 2, and verse 3, alt.

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1832

Ye Chris-tian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal-va-tion through Em-man-uel's Name;
To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar-on there. A-MEN.

Missions

395 LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Lewis Edson, 1782

1 Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the nations know,

To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come,
The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year of Ju-

The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home. A-MEN.
bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed

(See also ST. JOHN, No. 90)

2 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
'The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1750

396 (MISSIONARY CHANT) L. M.

1 YE Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation through Emmanuel's Name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempests into peace.

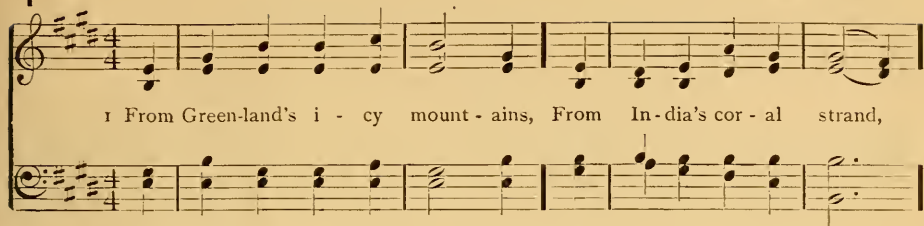
3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Rev. Bourne H. Draper, 1803: verse 1, ll. 1, 3, verse 2, l. 1, alt.

Missions

400 MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

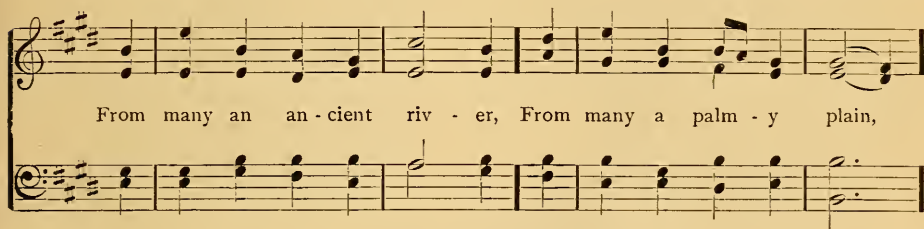
Lowell Mason, 1823



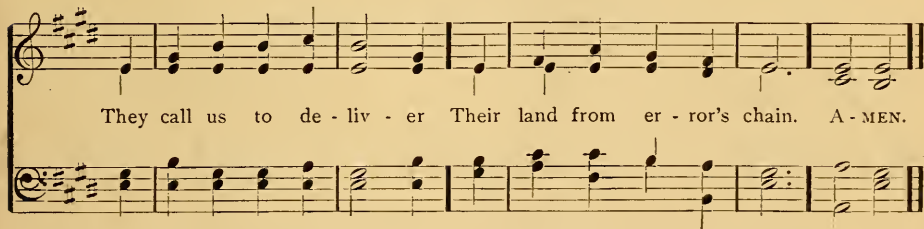
1 From Green-land's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - MEN.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819

The Communion of Saints

425 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love:

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A - MEN.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

ST. GEORGE S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love:

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A - MEN.

HYMNS OF SALVATION

The Grace of God in Christ

427 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824

1 Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain : A - MEN.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb.
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

428 (ST. ANDREW) S. M.

1 NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul ;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God ;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin ;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak ;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

6 I bless the Christ of God ;
I rest on love Divine ;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1861

Hymns of Salvation

435 HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844

1 There is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Em-man-uel's veins ;

And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. A - MEN.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

William Cowper, 1772

COWPER C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 There is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ; And sinners, plunged be-

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains. A - MEN.

The Grace of God in Christ

436 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824

Na-ture with o - pen vol - ume stands To spread her Mak - er's praise a - broad,

And ev-ery la - bor of His hands Shows something worthy of a God: A-MEN.

- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 4 Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.
From His dear wounds and bleeding
I would for ever speak His Name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.
- 3 O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died !

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 3, l. 2; alt.

437 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, c. 1770

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear ;

Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear. A-MEN.

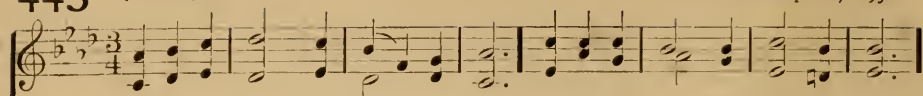
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 4 And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

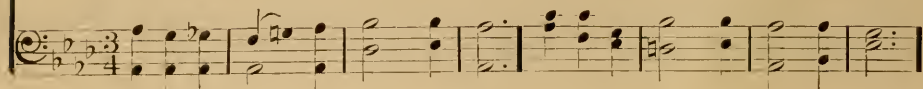
Hymns of Salvation

443 RETURN L. M.

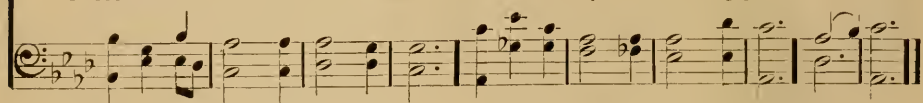
William H. Squires, 1895



1 Return, O wan - der - er. re - turn, And seek an in - jured Fa - ther's face;



Those warm de - sires that in thee burn Were kindled by re - claim - ing grace. A - MEN.



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2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward
smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

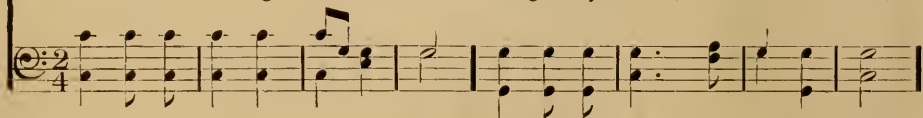
Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812

ZEPHYR L. M.

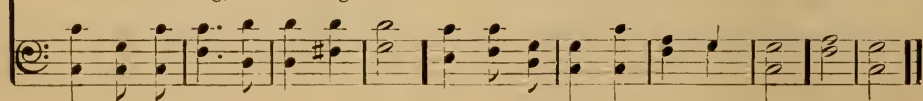
William B. Bradbury, 1844



1 Be - hold! a Stran - ger's at the door, He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore;



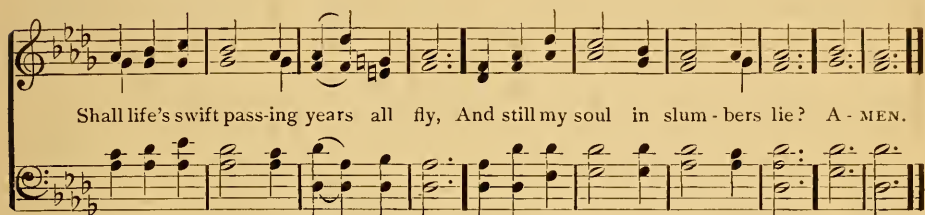
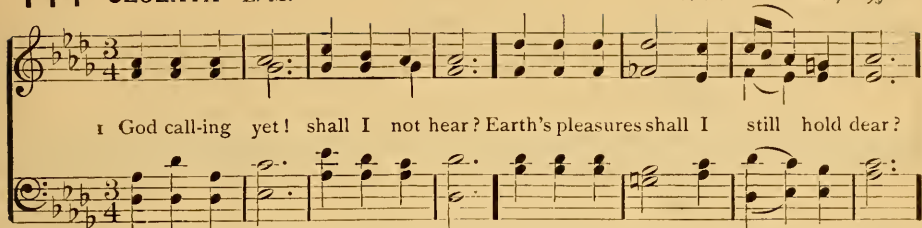
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - MEN.



Invitation

444 CLOLATA L. M.

W. St. Clair Palmer, 1893



(See also ROCKINGHAM OLD, No. 321)

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735 Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855:
recast, Sabbath Hy Bk., 1858

445 (ZEPHYR) L. M.

1 BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door;
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very Friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

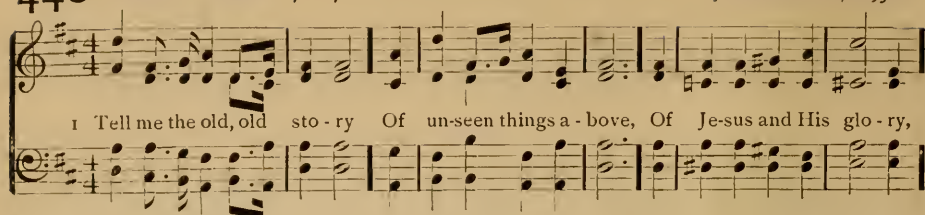
5 Admit Him ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765: verse 4, l. 3, alt.

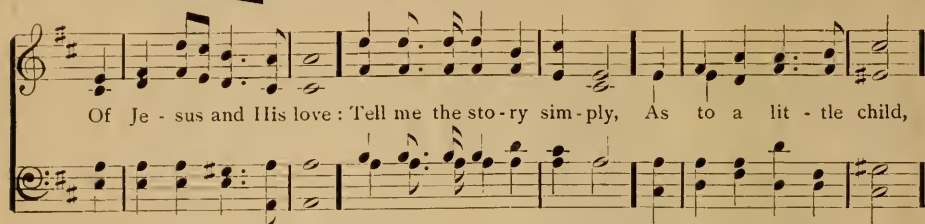
Hymns of Salvation

448 EVANGELIST 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

John H. Gower, 1895

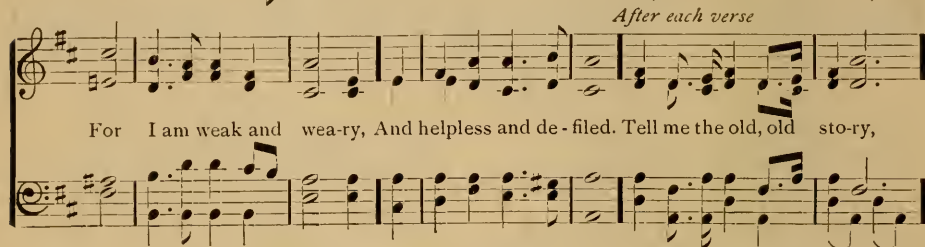


1 Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,

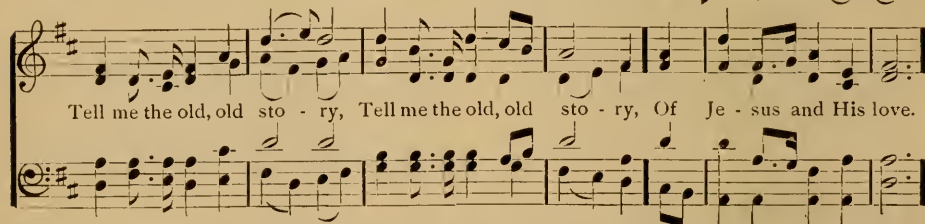


Of Je - sus and His love : Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,

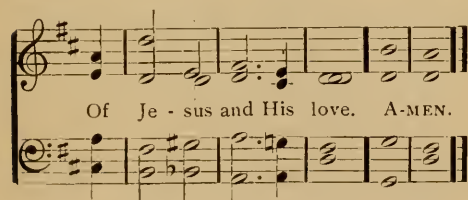
After each verse



For I am weak and wea - ry, And helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,



Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.



Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

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- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin :
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon ;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave ;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save :
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear :
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
" Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Katherine Hankey, 1866 : refrain added

Faith in Christ

477 JUST AS I AM S. S. S. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1893

I Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

Slower
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A - MEN.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come. [spot, | 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come. |
| 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come. | 5 Just as I am ! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come. |
| 6 Just as I am ! Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come. | |

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

WOODWORTH S. S. S. 6.

William B. Bradbury, 1849

I Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-MEN.

Hymns of Salvation

478 RELIANCE 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - MEN.

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2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

4 While I draw this fleeting breath.
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776: verse, 4, l. 2, alt. Rev. Thomas Cottenill, 1815

TOPLADY 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Thomas Hastings, 1830
D.C.

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee ; { Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
D.C. Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. { From Thy riven side which flowed, } AMEN.

Hymns of Salvation

489 HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

I Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high :

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past :

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - MEN.

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall !
Lo, on Thee I cast my care ;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand !
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found.
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

Hymns of Salvation

492 OLIVET (MASON) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour Di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - MEN.

(See also BRAUN, No. 156)

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,

Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Rev Ray Palmer, 1830

493 (HEINLEIN) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 HOLY Father, hear my cry ;
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear ;
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh :
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2 Father, save me from my sin ;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave ;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean :
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love ;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace ;
Spirit, come my heart to move :
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit — Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now ;
Be my Father and my God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

faith in Christ

494 SEFTON L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

I Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates, Be-hold, the King of Glo-ry waits;

The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here. A-MEN.

(See also MENDON, No. 340)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried ;
 Mercy is ever at His side ;
 His kingly crown is holiness,
 His sceptre, pity in distress.</p> <p>3 O blest the land, the city blest,
 Where Christ the Ruler is confessed !
 O happy hearts and happy homes
 To whom this King in triumph comes !</p> <p>6 So come, my Sovereign ; enter in,
 Let new and nobler life begin ;
 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
 Until our glorious goal is won.</p> | <p>4 Fling wide the portals of your heart ;
 Make it a temple, set apart
 From earthly use for heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.</p> <p>5 Redeemer, come : I open wide
 My heart to Thee ; here, Lord, abide.
 Let me Thy inner presence feel ;
 Thy grace and love in me reveal.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Rev. Georg Weissel, 1642. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855 :
 each verse abr. ; verse 6, arr.

HEINLEIN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Nürnberg Gebetbuch, 1677

I Ho-ly Fa-ther, hear my cry; Ho-ly Sav-iour, bend Thine ear;

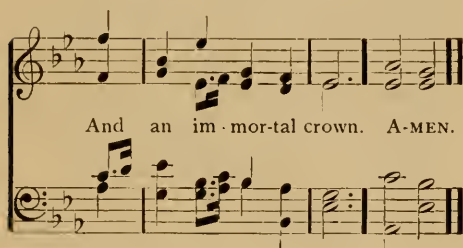
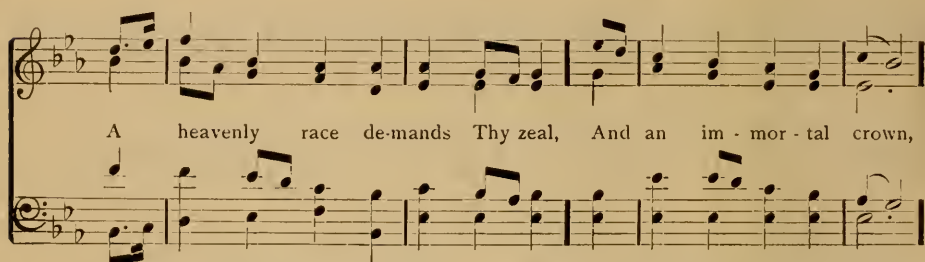
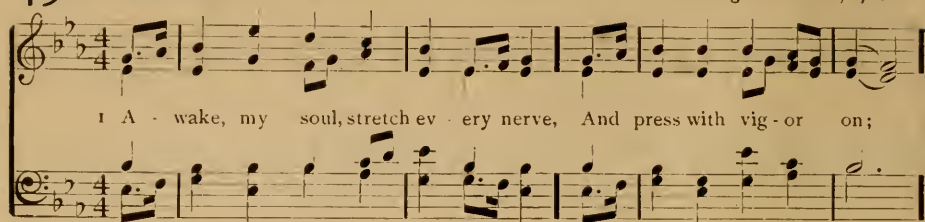
Ho-ly Spir-it, come Thou nigh: Fa-ther, Sav-iour, Spir-it, hear. A-MEN.

(See also SOLITUDE, No. 72)

Conflict with Sin

496 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1728



- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

497 (MARLOW) C. M.

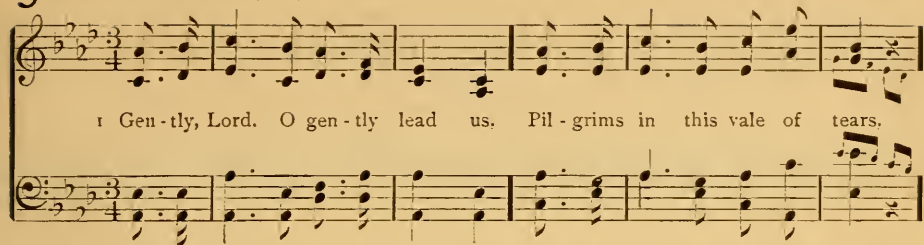
- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
'The glory shall be Thine.

Rev Isaac Watts, c 1723

Hymns of Salvation

500 AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

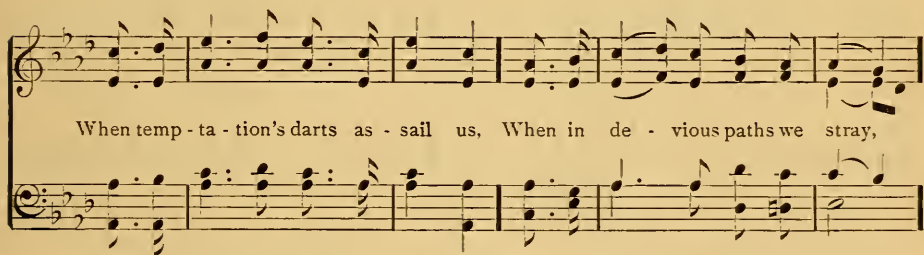
Louis von Esch, c. 1810



1 Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil - grims in this vale of tears.



Through the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.



When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,



Let Thy good-ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per - fect way. A - MEN.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear;
 And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
 Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

Conflict with Sin

501 NEED 6. 4. 6. 4. with Refrain

Rev. Robert Lowry, 1872

I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine

Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - ery hour I need Thee;

O' bless me now, my Sav - iour,— I come to Thee. A - MEN.

Copyright (words and music) by R. LOWRY

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, etc.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, etc.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly, and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, etc.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.
I need Thee, etc.

Annie S. Hawks, 1872: refrain added by Rev. Robert Lowry

EVERY HOUR 6. 4. 6. 4.

The Refrain is to be omitted

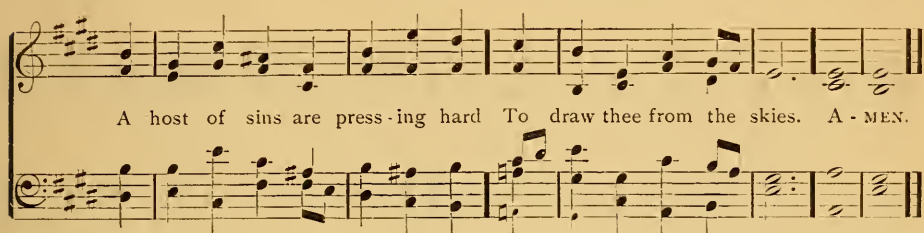
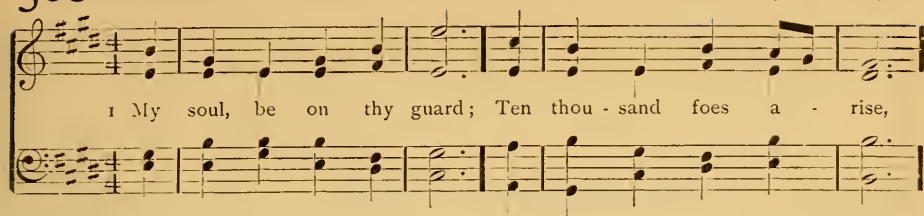
Rev. Philip R. Sleeman, 1863

I need Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford. AMEN

Hymns of Salvation

508 SUNDERLAND S. M.

Henry Smart, 1867



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;

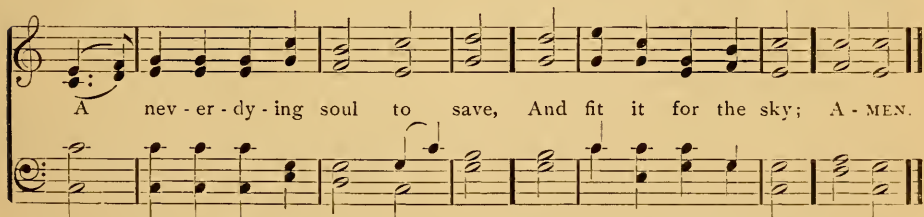
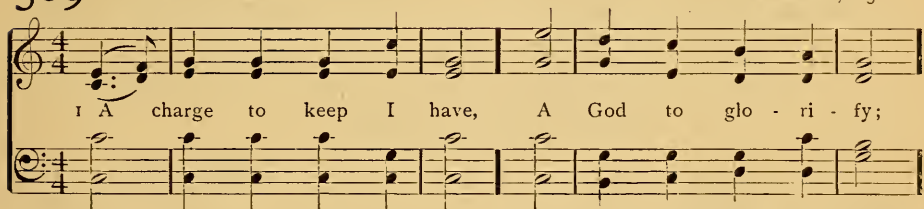
Thine arduous work will not be done.
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath, 1781: verse 3, ll 2, 4, verse 4, alt

509 LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil, —
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;

And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

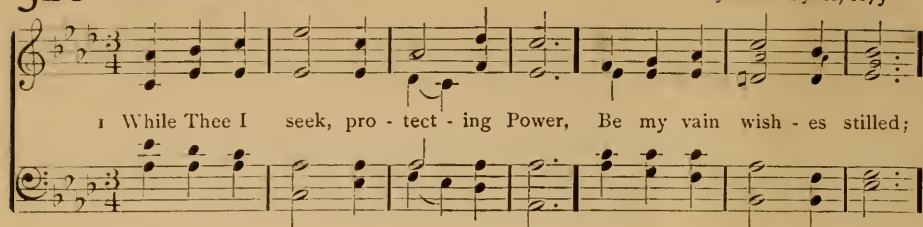
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1762

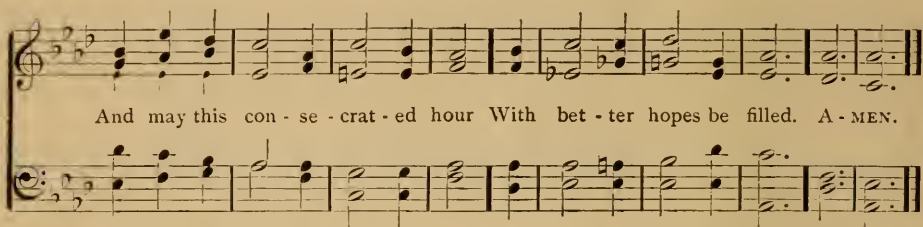
Hymns of Salvation

520 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



1 While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;



And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - MEN.

- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed; 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
To Thee my thoughts would soar: In every pain I bear,
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed; My heart shall find delight in praise,
That mercy I adore. Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy ruling hand I see; Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Each blessing to my soul more dear Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
Because conferred by Thee. My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1786

521 (ST. HUGH) C. M.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Thy people still are fed, Our wandering footsteps guide;
Who through this weary pilgrimage Give us each day our daily bread,
Hast all our fathers led, And raiment fit provide.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present 4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Before Thy throne of grace; Till all our wanderings cease,
God of our fathers, be the God And at our Father's loved abode
Of their succeeding race. Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Verses 1-4, Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737, recast by Rev. John Logan, 1781:
verse 1, l. 1, alt and verse 5, added, Scottish Trs. and Paraphs., 1781

Trust

522 BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson, 1833

1 The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie

In pas-tures green, He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by. A - MEN.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter, 1650: based on Francis Rous, Sir William Mure, and others

ST. HUGH C. M.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1862

1 O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed,

Who through this wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led; A - MEN.

Trust

524 TURNER 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

1 Guide me, O Thou Great Je - ho vah, Pil-gim through this bar - ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy power - ful hand:

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. A - MEN.

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- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams (Welsh), 1745. Tr. verse 1, Rev. Peter Williams, 1771;
verses 2, 3, Rev. Wm. Williams, c. 1772

Arr. from Pierre M. F. de S. Baillot, 1830,
by Lowell Mason, 1832

OLIPHANT 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Omit 2nd time


1 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, . . . } Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. A - MEN.

Hymns of Salvation

530 HE LEADETH ME L. M. D.

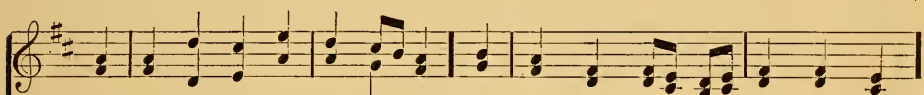
William B. Bradbury, 1864



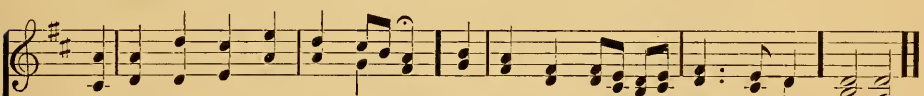
I He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thought! O words with heaven - ly comfort fraught!



What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead - eth me:



His faithful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A - MEN.

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2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea, —
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,

Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862: ll. 3, 4, of refrain added

Trust

533 ADESTE FIDELES II. II. II. II.

1 How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, — You who un-to

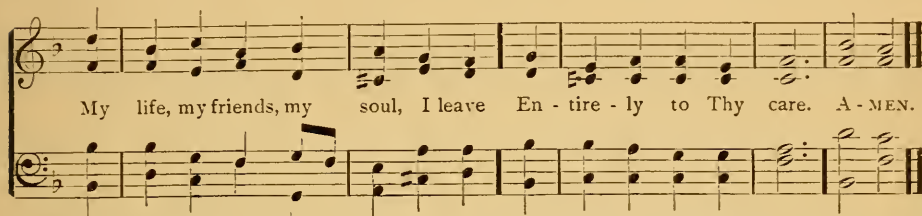
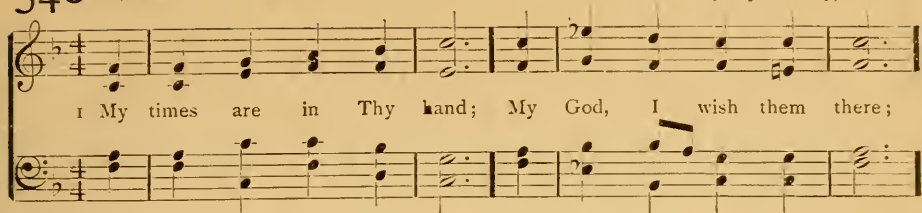
Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je-sus for refuge have fled? A-MEN.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

Hymns of Salvation

540 EMMAUS S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1862



2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?

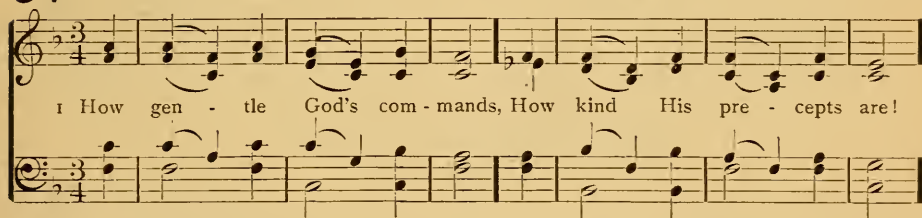
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

William F. Lloyd, c. 1838

541 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

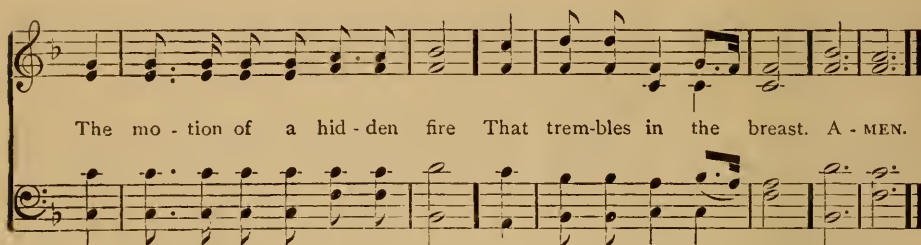
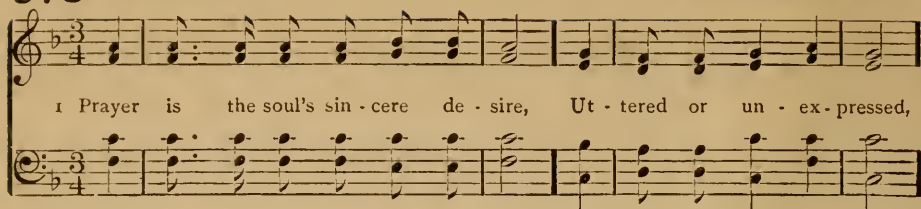
4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

Prayer

573 BYEFIELD C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1840



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1819

574 (NORTHREPPS) C. M.

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light;

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

Rev. James C. Wallace (c. 1793-1841)

Hymns of Salvation

580 EVEN ME 8.7.8.7. with Refrain

William B. Bradbury, 1862

I { Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat-tering full and free, }
 { Showers the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops de-scend on me, }

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops de-scend on me. A - MEN.

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2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
 Let me love and cling to Thee;
 I am longing for Thy favor;
 When Thou comest, call for me,
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,
 Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 O forgive and rescue me,
 Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of God, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless.
 Magnify them all in me,
 Even me.

7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing,
 Satan's slave Thy child shall be;
 All my heart to Thee is springing:
 Blessing others, O bless me.
 Even me.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860: verse 1, l. 4, verse 2, l. 3, alt.

BEATRICE 8.7.8.7.

Rev. William W. Coe, 1895

The Refrain is to be omitted

I Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat-tering full and free,
 Showers the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops de-scend on me. A - MEN.

Prayer

58I BRESLAU L. M.

Joseph Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630

Not too fast

1 From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes.

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat. A - MEN.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1827, 1831

RETREAT L. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1842

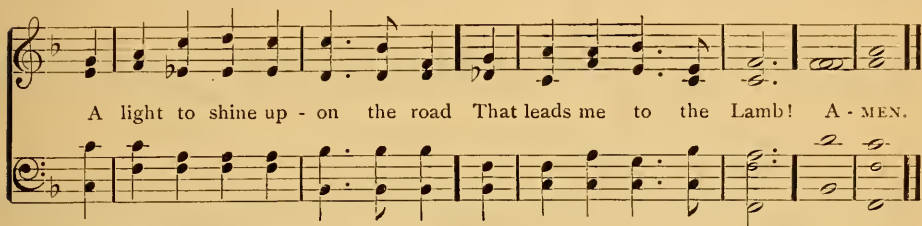
1 From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat. A - MEN.

Hymns of Salvation

586 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

4 Return, O Holy Dove ; return,
Sweet Messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

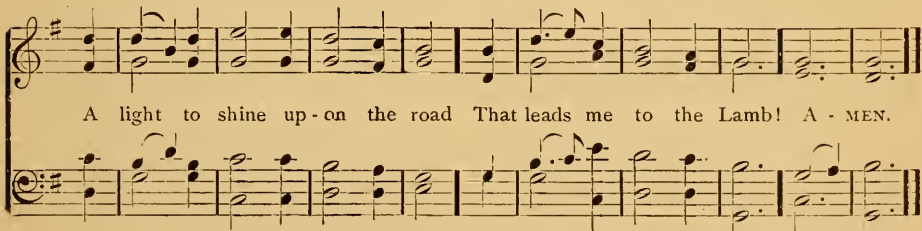
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772

ALEXANDRIA C. M.



Hymns of Salvation

589 TRUST 8. 7. 8. 7.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. A-MEN.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

5 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1758

NETTLETON 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Rev. Asahel Nettleton, 1825

FINE.

1 { Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }
Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un-changing love!

2 Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove; A - MEN.

Aspiration

590 AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

The Foundry Collection, 1742

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heaven, thy na - tive place.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - MEN.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all Thy snares,
Solicit me no more.

Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize:
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

The Life Everlasting

622 MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1 O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my

sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? 2 O hap - py har - bor

of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil! In thee no sor - row may be found,

No grief, no care, no toil. A - MEN.

There grow such sweet and pleasant
flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Quite through the streets, with silver
sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

7 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

4 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

5 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,

The Life Everlasting

625 NEARER HOME S. M. D.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1852:
har. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874

I For ev - er with the Lord! A-men, so let it be; Life from the dead is

in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty: Here in the bod - y pent,

Ab - sent from Him I roam, Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent

A day's march nearer home. A-MEN.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower:

Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

4 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil:
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail,
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

Farewell Service

68I GOD BE WITH YOU 9 8. 8. 9. with Refrain

W. G. Tomer,

I God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain. AMEN.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide
you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,

God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before
you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin (1828-)

Children's Services

707 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

William G. Fischer, 1869

I I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true;

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As nothing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry,

'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. AMEN.

2 I love to tell the story ;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell, etc.

3 I love to tell the story ;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell, etc.

4 I love to tell the story ;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell, etc.

Katherine Hankey, 1870: refrain added

Home and Personal Use

710 MESSIAH 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Louis J. F. Herold, by George Kingsley, 1838

1 Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child:

On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline.

Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;

Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A - MEN.

(See also NEW ST. ANDREW, No. 489)

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art All in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all Divine,
Hast Thou made me truly Thine?
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Thomas Hastings, 1858

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Jesus Christ our Lord

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name :
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
O what joy the sight affords :
Crown Him ! Crown Him !
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

The Advent

166

8.8.8.8.8.8.

- D**RAW nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy ;
From hell's abyss Thy people save,
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar ;
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.

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